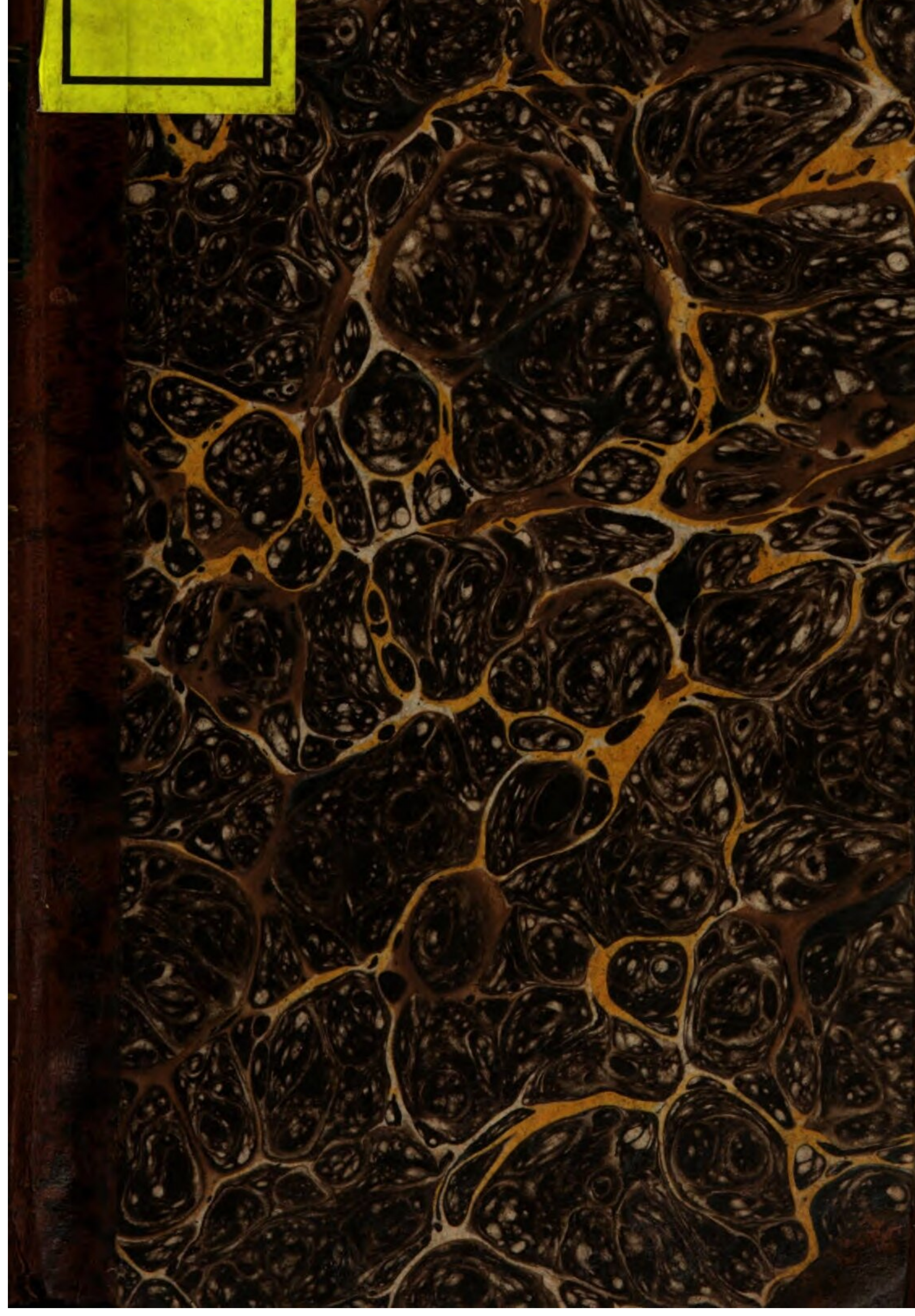




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Poems
by
Nathaniel Cotton, M.D.
With the Author's life.



Still it whispers promis'd Pleasures.

Paris.

Published

By Parsons and Galignani.

1806.

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THE LIFE OF COTTON.

OF the family, birth-place, and education of Nathaniel Cotton, there are no written memorials. A collection of his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse* was printed in 1791, but, by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family, connexions, or even the time and place of his birth and death. A few detached dates and notices, collected chiefly from his writings, form the slender memorials of his life. He was bred to the profession of physic, in which he took the degree of Doctor; but whether he was indebted to either of the English Universities for any part of the literature he possessed, or for his academical degree, is uncertain. He settled as a physician at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and continued to reside there till his death. In the latter part of his life he kept a house for the reception of lunatics.

In 1749 he had the affliction to lose his wife, as appears from his letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated St. Albans, April 29, 1749, published by the Rev.

Mr. Stedman among the “Letters to and from Philip Doddridge, D. D.” 8vo, 1790. In 1751 he published his *Visions in Verse for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds*, 8vo, without his name; nor is it prefixed to any of the subsequent editions, in conformity with the modest ambition he professes in the following lines of his *Epistle to the Reader*:

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown.

This publication was favourably received by the polite and religious world, and probably obtained him the friendship of Young, who resided at Welwyn, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans. He attended Young in his last illness, April 1765. Among the *Extracts from his Letters* is an account of the last moments of that excellent poet, without superscription or date. The following *Extracts* exhibit an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and an interesting picture of the infirmities of age. “My bed is often strewed with thorns : but I must journey through life on the same terms that many wiser and better men than I have done; and must reflect with some degree of comfort, that I am making hasty advances to that

sanctuary, where the “wicked cease from troubling, and the weary shall be at rest.” Oh! my heart strings, break not yet, out of pity to the worthier part of my family, who cannot lose me without suffering the greatest inconveniencies. “I have passed almost three winters beyond the usual boundary appropriated to human life; and having thus transcended the longevity of a septuagenarian, I now labour under the inconveniencies and evils of advanced years. I am emaciated to a very great degree, and my trembling limbs are so weak as to feel insufficient to support my weight. The languors, likewise, which I suffer are so frequent and severe as to threaten an entire stop to the circulation, and are sometimes accompanied with that most distressful of all sensations, an anxiety *circa præcordia*. I sleep so little during the night, that, in general, I can rise up at the voice of the bird, be that period ever so early. Nor are my mental powers less deficient than my bodily strength; for my memory is notoriously impaired; and a subject which requires a little thought becomes a burden hardly supportable. Are not all the particulars which I have communicated proofs of their being the *concluding* page of Shakespeare’s “strange eventful history! Yes, surely, my dear friend, when

an inspired author announces the same truth. Nor are you and I to wonder that, in our passage through this world, the weather and the ways grow the worse the longer we travel and the nearer we approach to our journey's end. The sacred writer just now mentioned affirms, that when those comfortless days arrive, which are attended with satiety, disgust, and inquietude, we must expect the clouds to be often returning after the rain. Amid these melancholy scenes, it hath lately pleased Divine Providence to bereave me of one of the best of daughters, who never gave me a moment's uneasiness, but at her death, and in that illness which led to it; I mean my daughter Kitty.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? ———*

But no more of this awful occurrence." He died at St. Albans, in an advanced age, August 2, 1788. Of his *Visions in Verse*, the seventh edition, revised and enlarged, was printed in 1767. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. In 1791, his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*, many of which were never before published, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume contains his *Visions in Verse*, *Fables*, and other poetical

pieces. The second, his prose pieces, *Mirza to Selim*; *Mirza to Hehetolla*; *Muculus's Letters*; five *Sermons*; *Health, an Allegory*; on *Husbandry*; on *Zeal*; *Detraction, a Vision*; on *Marriage*; *History of an Innkeeper in Normandy*; on the *XIIIth Psalm*; on the *XLIId Psalm*; *Extracts from Letters*. They are "inscribed, by permission, to the Dowager Countess Spencer," by Nathaniel Cotton, probably his son. His moral and intellectual character appears to have been, in the highest degree, amiable and respectable. His piety is truly venerable and edifying. His writings are distinguished by the strongest marks of piety, learning, taste, and benevolence. They are the productions of an enlightened mind, fraught with the purest principles of morality and religion. They are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models. As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just and religiously pure, and his lines are commonly smooth and easy; but the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over

his compositions : under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction. Every reader will regard with veneration the writer, who condescended to lay aside the scholar and the philosopher, to compose moral apologues, and little poems of devotion, “ for the entertainment and instruction of younger minds. ” His *Visions*, the most popular of his productions, are not inferior to the best compositions of that kind in the English language. They are written in the measure of Gay’s Fables, and, like them, each apologue is introduced with solemn reflections which naturally lead to the story ; but in forcibleness of moral and poetical spirit, they are unquestionably superior to these popular compositions. With the utility of sentiment, they combine the beauties of personification and allegory, and the elegancies of the higher poetry.

From the Life of Cotton prefixed to his Works in Dr. Robert Anderson’s “Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain, ”



VISIONS IN VERSE,
FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION
OF YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown,
Like streams supply'd from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Strait you'd apply to Warwick-lane¹;
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse),
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

¹ College of Physicians.

'Tis often known the mental race
 Their fond ambitious sires disgrace;
 Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
 Critics might sneer and friends might blame.
 This dang'rous secret let me hide,
 I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside.
 Not that it boots the world a tittle,
 Whether the author's big or little;
 Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
 No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
 No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r:
 My mansion's warm and very neat;
 You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
 My rooms no costly paintings grace,
 The humbler print supplies their place.
 Behind the house my garden lies,
 And opens to the southern skies:
 The distant hills gay prospects yield,
 And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard;
 The feather'd tribes adorn my yard.

My cow rewards me all she can
 (Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
 She, daily thankful to her lord,
 Crowns with nectareous sweets my board:
 Am I diseas'd!—the cure is known;
 Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
 Few visits please me more than home.
 I pity that unhappy elf
 Who loves all company but self,

By idle passions borne away
To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my Fair (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song),
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewel to Virtue here below.

Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.

'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye Fair, or we're undone!
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day);
Then, if Sir Plume drew near and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast,
And fancy pictur'd all the rest:
But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter shudders at a Beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noonday thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.

The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice!
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They 'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sigh to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I 'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd ?
This sum I cheerfully impart ;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light ;
But then I sleep so sweet at night !
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, ' Whose fool are you ? '

The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

S L A N D E R.

Inscribed to Miss ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray, believe my visions true;
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.

He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander then my leading dream,
Tho' you're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine;
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes 'trash'—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast thy fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!

Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.

No sinking family to save!

No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare¹ sung.

And trust the bard's unerring rule,

For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:

No verdure met my aching sight,

But hemlock, and cold aconite;

Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,

But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!

A black and barren mountain nigh,

Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!

Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,

Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:

"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,

The plumes of ravens were her bed:"²

She fed upon the viper's brood,

And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising Sun and western ray

Were witness to her distant sway.

The tyrant claim'd a mightier host

Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.

¹ Othello.

² Garth's Dispensary.

No conquest grac'd Darius' son¹;
By his own numbers half undone!
Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian², known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;

¹ Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provisions.

² Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as Fate.
Thus falls the kite whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand,
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected spright
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder, scour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guiltless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquest grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state:
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.

The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her power.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's Isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's Isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace,
Which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain :
Good-nature first, a sylvan Queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green :
A fair and smiling virgin She!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand ;
Gray was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the Fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;

The Sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

~~~~~  
P L E A S U R E.

H E A R, ye fair mothers of our isle,  
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.  
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,  
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true :  
Or if my sentiments be old,  
Remember truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,  
To keep your rising offspring strait :  
For this such anxious moments feel,  
And ask the friendly aid of steel :  
For this import the distant cane,  
Or slay the monarch of the main.  
And shall the soul be warp'd aside  
By passion, prejudice, and pride ?  
Deformity of heart I call  
The worst deformity of all.

Your cares to body are confin'd,  
Few fear obliquity of mind.

Why not adorn the better part ?

This is a nobler theme for art.

For what is form, or what is face,  
But the soul's index, or its case ?

Now take a simile at hand,  
Compare the mental soil to land :



Shall fields be till'd with annual care,  
 And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?  
 Oh! since the crop depends on you,  
 Give them the culture which is due!  
 Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,  
 So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees  
 (As ev'ry moralist agrees),  
 Prune all the stragglers of your vine,  
 Then shall the purple clusters shine.  
 The gard'ner knows that fruitful life  
 Demands his salutary knife:  
 For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,  
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist<sup>1</sup> in Roman times,  
 When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,  
 Asserts it for a sacred truth,  
 That pleasures are the bane of youth:  
 That sorrows such pursuits attend,  
 Or such pursuits in sorrows end:  
 That all the wild advent'rer gains  
 Are perils, penitence, and pains.

Approve, ye Fair, the Roman page,  
 And bid your sons revere the sage;  
 In study spend their midnight oil,  
 And string their nerves by manly toil.  
 Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise,  
 Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise.  
 Yes, bid your sons betimes forego  
 Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;

\* Persius.



Where the young mind is folly's slave,  
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,  
For wisdom or for valour fam'd !  
Are the dear youths to science prone?  
Tell, how th' immortal Bacon shone!  
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,  
Soar'd high on Contemplation's wings;  
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,  
Where never mortal trod before :  
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan  
Bespoke him angel more than man!

One summer's evening as I stray'd  
Along the silent moon-light glade,  
With these reflections in my breast,  
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;  
A gentle slumber intervenes,  
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spy'd,  
And stately trees adorn'd its side;  
Frequented by a giddy crowd  
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;  
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,  
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I strait obey'd—Persuasion hung  
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.  
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,  
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,  
A beauteous fabric rose to view,  
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd  
With ev'ry ornament of taste.



This structure was a female's claim,  
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,  
And saw the Queen enthron'd on gold;  
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,  
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;  
A flowing vest adorn'd the Fair,  
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair :  
Fraud taught the Queen a thousand wiles,  
A thousand soft insidious smiles;  
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,  
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;  
The lily and the damask rose,  
The tincture of her face compose;  
Nor did the god of Wit disdain  
To mingle with the shining train.

Her vot'ries flock from various parts,  
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;  
The old in sparing numbers press'd,  
But awkward devotees at best.  
Now let us range at large, we cry'd,  
Through all the garden's boasted pride.  
Here jasmines spread the silver flower,  
To deck the wall, or weave the bower;  
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,  
And breathe their fragrant lives away.  
Here rising myrtles form a shade,  
There roses blush, and scent the glade :  
The orange, with a vernal face,  
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;  
While the young blossoms here unfold,  
There shines the fruit like pendant gold.



Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,  
And triumph in the distant gale.  
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,  
Roll their translucent streams along.  
Through all the aromatic groves,  
The faithful turtles coo their loves.  
The lark ascending pours his notes,  
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial Fair! how gay  
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!  
Enchanting Queen! how soft thy reign!  
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!  
Yet thine each meretricious art,  
That weakens and corrupts the heart.  
The childish toys and wanton page  
Which sink and prostitute the stage!  
The masquerade, that just offence  
To virtue, and reproach to sense!  
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,  
And all that dissipate the soul;  
All that to ruin man combine,  
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!

Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,  
Which beggars thousands in a day?  
Speak, sorc'ress, speak (for thou canst tell),  
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?  
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,  
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;  
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,  
And faithless to himself and friends;  
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,  
To ev'ry abject wish a slave;



But who against himself combines  
Abets his enemy's designs.  
When Rapine meditates a blow,  
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.  
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?  
How great his theft who robs himself?  
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?  
How heinous then is self-deceit!  
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?  
How black his guilt, who murders time!  
Should custom plead, as custom will,  
Grand precedents to palliate ill,  
Shall modes and forms avail with me,  
When reason disavows the plea?  
Who games is felon of his wealth,  
His time, his liberty, his health.  
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,  
And Honour scorns to stay behind.  
From man when these bright cherubs part,  
Ah! what's the poor deserted heart?  
A savage wild that shocks the sight,  
Or chaos, and impervious night!  
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,  
And demons crowd the frightful void!  
Shall Siam's elephant supply  
The baneful desolating die?  
Against the honest sylvan's will,  
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill,  
Heav'n, fond its favour to dispense,  
Gave him that weapon for defence.  
That weapon, for his guard design'd,  
You render'd fatal to mankind.



He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,  
You gave the venom to his tooth.

Blush, tyrant, blush; for, oh! 'tis true  
That no fell serpent bites like you!

The guests were order'd to depart,  
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:

A porter show'd a diff'rent door,  
Not the fair portal known before?

The gates, methought, were open'd wide,  
The crowds descended in a tide.

But, oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise  
Struck the-advent'ers' frighted eyes!

A barren heath before us lay,

And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;

The darkness rose in smoky spires;

The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:

Loud peals of thunder rent the air,

While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear!

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,

And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.

Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,

And more than half-devour'd with spleen:

There stood Remorse, with thought opprest,

And vipers feeding on his breast:

Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,

With bones just starting through his skin;

A ghastly fiend!—and close behind

Disease, his aching head reclin'd!

His everlasting thirst confess'd

The fires which rag'd within his breast:

Death clos'd the train! The hideous form

Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm:



When strait a doleful shriek was heard;  
I 'woke—The vision disappear'd.

Let not the inexperience'd boy  
Deny that pleasures will destroy;  
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,  
Like fairy tales, to please a child.  
Important hints the wise may reap  
From sallies of the soul in sleep.  
And, since there's meaning in my dream,  
The moral merits your esteem.



### HEALTH.

**A**TTEND my visions, thoughtless youths,  
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;  
Prudent it were to think so now;  
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:  
For he, who in his early years  
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.  
If folly have possessed his prime,  
Disease shall gather strength in time;  
Poison shall rage in every vein—  
Nor penitence dilute the stain:  
And when each hour shall urge his fate,  
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,  
A good superior far to wealth.  
Can the young mind distrust its worth?  
Consult the monarchs of the earth:  
Imperial Czars, and Sultans own  
No gem so bright that decks their throne:



Each for this pearl his crown would quit,  
And turn a rustic or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,  
'Tis not recover'd when you please.

Say not that gruels shall avail,  
For salutary gruels fail.

Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,  
Apollo's son is Egypt's reed.\*

How fruitless the physician's skill,

How vain the penitential pill,

The marble monuments proclaim,

The humbler turf confirms the same!

Prevention is the better cure;

So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,

And make the most of life you can;

Would you, when med'cines cannot save,

Descend with ease into the grave;

Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,

And, cheerful, bid the world good-night!

Let temp'rance constantly preside,

Our best physician, friend, and guide.

Would you to wisdom make pretence,

Proud to be thought a man of sense!

Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)

With steady hand direct your aim;

Or, like an archer in the dark,

Your random shaft will miss the mark:

For they who slight her golden rules,

In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

\* In allusion to 2 Kings, XVIII, 21.



But morals, unadorn'd by art,  
Are seldom known to reach the heart.  
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme  
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,  
Such as the infant's on the breast;  
When Fancy, ever on the wing,  
And fruitful as the genial spring,  
Presented, in a blaze of light,  
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descry'd,  
Drest in the robes of summer pride;  
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,  
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;  
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,  
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murm'ring brook I saw  
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;  
Behind, a garden that supply'd  
All things for use, and none for pride:  
Beauty prevail'd through ev'ry part,  
But more of nature than of art.

Hail thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!  
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat:  
Here would I pass my remnant days,  
Unknown to censure or to praise;  
Forget the world, and be forgot,  
As Pope describes his vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid  
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;  
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,  
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:



She claim'd the cottage for her own;  
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)  
The graces solemniz'd her birth.  
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,  
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:  
Hence in her face the lily speaks,  
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;  
The cherry gave her lips to glow,  
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe,  
And, to complete the lovely fair,  
'Tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,  
But often seen in rural sports.

Two smiling Cherubs grac'd her throne  
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):  
One was the nymph that loves the light,  
Fair Innocence, array'd in white,  
With sister Peace in close embrace,  
And heav'n all op'ning in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,  
And Virtue minister of state.  
In other kingdoms ev'ry hour  
You hear of vice preferr'd to pow'r:  
Vice was a perfect stranger here:  
No knaves engross'd the royal ear:  
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;  
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,  
Still varying with the varying hours!  
And tho' from good to bad we range,  
'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'



Her subjects now express'd apace  
Dissatisfaction in their face:  
Some view the state with envy's eye,  
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why:  
When Faction, ever bold and vain,  
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.  
Thus, should an angel from above,  
Fraught with benevolence and love,  
Descend to earth, and here impart  
Important truths to mend the heart,  
Would not th' instructive guest dispense  
With passion, appetite, and sense,  
We should his heav'nly lore despise,  
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile pow'r arose  
To Health, whose household were her foes:  
A harlot's loose attire she wore,  
And Luxury the name she bore.  
This princess of unbounded sway,  
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,  
Made war against the queen of Health,  
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,  
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield,  
Temper'd with such superior art,  
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.  
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,  
And wondrous fav'rites with the queen:  
Both were of Amazonian race,  
Both high in merit, and in place.  
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul  
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;



The heroine wore a Roman vest,  
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.  
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought  
With all the various plans of thought;  
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,  
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies press,  
Their van was headed by Excess:  
The mighty wings that form'd the side,  
Commanded by the giant Pride:  
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain  
And Poverty the centre gain:  
Repentance, with a brow severe,  
And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,  
And acted the defensive part:  
Her army posted on a hill  
Plainly bespoke superior skill;  
Hence were discover'd through the plain,  
The motions of the hostile train:  
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,  
Oft sally'd with her trusty spies;  
Explor'd each ambuscade below,  
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when Luxury descry'd  
Inferior force by art supply'd,  
The Siren spake—'Let Fraud prevail,  
Since all my num'rous hosts must fail;  
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,  
I'll send to Health, and offer peace.'  
Strait she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,  
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.



This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,  
And sow'd sedition in the heart.

Through ev'ry troop the poison ran,  
All were infected to a man.

The wary generals were won  
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,  
And bade diseases blast their race;

Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,  
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:

Who still regards those wiser few,  
That dare her dictates to pursue.

For where her stricter law prevails,

Tho' Passion prompts, or Vice assails,

Long shall the cloudless skies behold,

And their calm sun-set beam with gold.



## CONTENT.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—

'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know,

The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,

So says the school-boy and the sage;

Yet still we hug the dear deceit,

And still exclaim against the cheat.

But whence this inconsistent part?

Say, moralists, who know the heart:

If you 'll this labyrinth pursue,

I 'll go before and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)

A sumptuous palace rose to sight;



The builder had, through ev'ry part,  
 Observ'd the chastest rules of art;  
 Raphael and Titian had display'd  
 All the full force of light and shade:  
 Around the liv'ry'd servants wait;  
 An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,  
 Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall  
 ( Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,  
 A nun is no such useless maid ),  
 A graceful person came in view  
 ( His form, it seems, is known to few ):  
 His dress was unadorn'd with lace,  
 But charms! a thousand in his face.

' This, sir, your property?' I cry'd—  
 ' Master and mansion coincide:  
 Where all, indeed, is truly great,  
 And proves that bliss may dwell with state.  
 Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,  
 And grant the favour of your name.'

' Content,' the lovely form reply'd;  
 ' But think not here that I reside:  
 Here lives a courtier, base and sly;  
 An open, honest rustic, I.  
 Our taste and manners disagree,  
 His levee boasts no charms for me:  
 For titles and the smiles of kings  
 To me are cheap unheeded things.  
 'Tis virtue can alone impart  
 The patent of a ducal heart:  
 ( Unless this herald speaks him great,  
 What shall avail the glare of state! )



Those secret charms are my delight,  
Which shine remote from public sight:  
Passions subdu'd, desires at rest—  
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.

There was a time (his grace can tell)  
I knew the Duke exceeding well;  
Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;  
In truth, we never were apart:  
But, when the court became his end,  
He turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his grace,  
Just as the duke had got a place:  
I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)  
I should be welcome to the peer,  
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;  
And so I was—for half an hour.  
But he grew weary of his guest,  
And soon discarded me his breast;  
Upbraided me with want of merit,  
But most for poverty of spirit.

You relish not the great man's lot!  
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.  
Think me not partial to the great.  
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;  
No monarchs share my kind embrace,  
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:  
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells  
With modest worth in rural cells;  
There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,  
Or the rude turf sustain the head;  
Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,  
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.



Far from the city I reside,  
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.  
True to my heart, I seldom roam,  
Because I find my joys at home.  
For foreign visits then begin,  
When the man feels a void within.

But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,  
No humourist nor cynic, I.  
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize  
The friendships of the good and wise.  
Bid Virtue and her sons attend,  
Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:  
Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,  
And meek and lowly, and resign'd;  
Will say, there's no distinction known  
Betwixt her household and my own.

*Author.* 'If these the friendships you pursue,  
Your friends, I fear, are very few.  
So little company, you say,  
Yet fond of home from day to day!  
How do you shun detraction's rod!  
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!'

*Content.* 'I commune with myself at night,  
And ask my heart if all be right:  
If 'right,' replies my faithful breast,  
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.'

*Auth.* 'You seem regardless of the town:  
Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown!'

*Cont.* 'The clergy say they love me well,  
Whether they do, they best can tell:  
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,  
And always praise me to the skies;



But if conviction's at the heart,  
Why not a correspondent part?  
For shall the learned tongue prevail,  
If actions preach a diff'rent tale!  
Who 'll seek my door or grace my walls,  
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,  
Who prize their duty more than gain;  
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,  
And conscious virtue is our treat:  
Our harmless breasts no envy know,  
And hence we fear no secret foe;  
Our walks ambition ne'er attends,  
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends;  
We wish the best to church and state,  
But leave the steerage to the great;  
Careless, who rises, or who falls,  
And never dream of vacant stalls;  
Much less by pride or int'rest drawn,  
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,  
I 'll fundamental truths impart:  
If you 'll my kind advice pursue,  
I 'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,  
Imperious, positive, and loud:  
Curb these licentious sons of strife;  
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:  
If they grow mutinous, and rave,  
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,  
Nor raise your expectation high.



See that the balanc'd scales be such,  
You neither fear nor hope too much.  
For disappointment's not the thing,  
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.  
Life is a sea where storms must rise,  
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies:  
He who contracts his swelling sail  
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;  
Distrust embitters present joy:  
On God for all events depend;  
You cannot want when God's your friend.  
Weigh well your part, and do your best;  
Leave to your Maker all the rest.  
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,  
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.  
Can the fond mother slight her boy?  
Can she forget her prattling joy?  
Say then, shall sov'reign love desert  
The humble, and the honest heart?  
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;  
Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.  
God is alike, both good and wise,  
In what he grants, and what denies:  
Perhaps what goodness gives to-day,  
To-morrow goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,  
That sorrow darkens half the scene.  
True—and this consequence you see,  
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:  
You're like a passenger below,  
That stays, perhaps, a night or so;



But still his native country lies  
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,  
But never let thy pray'r be wealth  
If food be thine ( tho' little gold )  
And raiment to repel the cold,  
Such as may nature's wants suffice,  
Not what from pride and folly rise;  
If soft the motions of thy soul,  
And a calm conscience crown the whole;  
Add but a friend to all this store,  
You can't, in reason, wish for more:  
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,  
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.'

He spake—the airy spectre flies,  
And strait the sweet illusion dies.  
The vision, at the early dawn,  
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;  
To all the cares of waking clay,  
And inconsistent dreams of day.

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### HAPPINESS.

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun  
Hath many circles still to run;  
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,  
To steer through life th' unsteady heart;  
And all the thoughtful voyage past,  
To gain a happy port at last;  
Attend a Seer's instructive song,  
For moral truths to dreams belong.



I saw this wondrous vision soon,  
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;  
Just when the rising beard began  
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed  
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,  
My fancy led me to explore  
A thousand scenes unknown before.  
I saw a plain extended wide,  
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side:  
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,  
Yet all declar'd their views the same:  
The chace was Happiness, I found,  
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,  
To see the giddy numbers range  
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,  
But sorrow to the human breast.  
Methought if Bliss was all their view,  
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?  
The waking world has long agreed,  
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:  
And he who Berwick seeks through Staines  
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnell<sup>r</sup> says, my bosom wrought  
With travail of uncertain thought:  
And as an Angel help'd the Dean,  
My Angel chose to intervene;  
The dress of each was much the same,  
And Virtue was my Seraph's name.

<sup>r</sup> The Hermit.



When thus the Angel silence broke  
(Her voice was music as she spoke) :

‘Attend, o man, nor leave my side,  
And safety shall thy footsteps guide;  
Such truths I’ll teach, such secrets show,  
As none but favour’d mortals know.’

She said—and strait we march’d along  
To join Ambition’s active throng:  
Crowds urg’d on crowds with eager pace,  
And happy he who led the race.

Axes and daggers lay unseen  
In ambuscade along the green;  
While vapours shed delusive light,  
And bubbles mock’d the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,  
Whose tow’ring summit reach’d the skies:  
The slopes were steep, and form’d of glass,  
Painful and hazardous to pass:  
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;  
The faithless paths their steps betray;  
This moment seen aloft to soar,  
The next to fall and rise no more.

’Twas here Ambition kept her court,  
A phantom of gigantic port;  
The fav’rite that sustain’d her throne  
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;  
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,  
Disorder’d look, and squinting eye;  
While meagre Envy claim’d a place,  
And Jealousy, with jaundic’d face.

‘But where is Happiness?’ I cry’d.  
My guardian turn’d, and thus reply’d:



'Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,  
Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;  
Thou who hast twenty winters seen  
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)  
To ask if Happiness can dwell  
With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!  
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach  
What twenty winters cannot teach;  
He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,  
That thy pursuit is all a dream:  
That Bliss ambitious views disowns,  
And, self-dependant, laughs at thrones;  
Prefers the shades and lowly seats,  
Whither fair Innocence retreats:  
So the coy lily of the vale  
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain  
To find the money-getting train;  
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,  
With busy looks, and dirty hands.  
Amidst these thoughtful crowds the old  
Plac'd all their happiness in gold.  
And surely, if there's Bliss below,  
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,  
When soon a temple rose to view:  
A Gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;  
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.  
Without a thousand mastiffs wait;  
A thousand bolts secure the gate.  
We sought admission long in vain;  
For here all favours sell for gain:



The greedy porter yields to gold,  
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.  
Assembled nations here we found,  
And view'd the cringing herds around,  
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth  
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.  
I saw no charms that could engage;  
The God appear'd like sordid age,  
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,  
But serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:  
Behind stood Fear, that restless spright,  
Which haunts the watches of the night;  
And Viper-Care, that stings so deep,  
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bowers;  
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flowers;  
Here Beauty ev'ry charm display'd,  
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid:  
Delicious wine our taste employs,  
His crimson bowl exalts our joys:  
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought  
The pearl was found that long I sought.  
Determin'd here to fix my home,  
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:  
The Seraph disapprov'd my stay,  
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of Bliss,  
How prone is man to judge amiss!  
See a long train of ills conspires  
To scourge our uncontroul'd desires.  
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,  
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:



Fever! that thirsty fury, came  
With unextinguishable flame;  
Consumption, sworn ally to Death!  
Crept slowly on with panting breath;  
Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;  
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat:  
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near  
Sat Palsy shaking in her chair!

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,  
A melancholy scene display'd:  
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,  
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins:  
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,  
He wept aloud, and thus address'd:

‘Forbear the harlot’s false embrace,  
Tho’ Lewdness wear an angel’s face.  
Be wise, by my experience taught,  
I die, alas! for want of thought.’

As he who travels Libya’s plains,  
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,  
Is seiz’d with fear and wild dismay,  
When the grim foe obstructs his way:  
My soul was pierc’d with equal fright,  
My tott’ring limbs oppos’d my flight;  
I call’d on Virtue, but in vain,  
Her absence quicken’d ev’ry pain:  
At length the slighted Angel heard;  
The dear refulgent form appear’d.  
‘Presumptuous youth,’ she said, and frown’d  
(My heart-strings flutter’d at the sound),  
‘Who turns to me reluctant ears  
Shall shed repeated floods of tears!’



These rivers shall for ever last,  
There's no retracting what is past:  
Nor think avenging ills to shun;  
Play a false card, and you're undone.

‘Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,  
Nor tempt the Siren's fatal snare!  
Forego this curs'd detested place,  
Abhor the strumpet and her race;  
Had you those softer paths pursu'd,  
Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd:  
Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;  
To-morrow is too late to think.

‘Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,  
But mark my sacred lesson well:  
With me whoever lives at strife,  
Loses his better friend for life;  
With me who lives in friendship's ties,  
Finds all that's sought for by the wise.  
Folly exclaims, and well she may,  
Because I take her mask away;  
If once I bring her to the sun,  
The painted harlot is undone.  
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,  
And leave deception to her fools!

‘Ambition deals in tinsel toys,  
Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!  
An arrant juggler in disguise,  
Who holds false optics to your eyes.  
But, ah! how quick the shadows pass!  
Tho' the bright visions through her glass  
Charm at a distance, yet, when near,  
The baseless fabrics disappear.



‘ Nor riches boast intrinsic worth,  
Their charms, at best, superior earth:  
These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,  
And make an honest man a knave.  
‘ Wealth cures my wants,’ the miser cries;  
Be not deceiv’d—the miser lies;  
One want he has, with all his store,  
That worst of wants, the want of more!

‘ Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,  
And where is Happiness?’ you say.

‘Tis here—and may be yours—for know  
I’m all that’s Happiness below.

‘ To Vice I leave tumultuous joys:  
Mine is the still and softer voice  
That whispers peace, when storms invade,  
And music through the midnight shade.

‘ Come then, be mine in ev’ry part,  
Nor give me less than all your heart;  
When troubles discompose your breast,  
I’ll enter there, a cheerful guest;  
My converse shall your cares beguile,  
The little world within shall smile;  
And then it scarce imports a jot,  
Whether the great world frowns or not.’

‘ And when the closing scenes prevail,  
When Wealth, State, Pleasure, all shall fail;  
All that a foolish world admires,  
Or passion craves, or pride inspires,  
At that important hour of need,  
Virtue shall prove a friend, indeed!  
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,  
My arms sustain thy drooping head:



And when the painful struggle's o'er,  
 And that vain thing, the world, no more;  
 I'll bear my fav'rite son away  
 To rapture, and eternal day.

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FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft, propitious Pow'r!  
 Sweet regent of the social hour!  
 Sublime thy joys, nor understood,  
 But by the virtuous and the good!  
 Cabal and Riot take thy name,  
 But 'tis a false affected claim.  
 In Heav'n if Love and Friendship dwell,  
 Can they associate e'er with hell!

Thou art the same through change of times,  
 Through frozen zones, and burning climes:  
 From the equator to the pole,  
 The same kind Angel through the whole.  
 And since thy choice is always free,  
 I bless thee for thy smiles on me.  
 When sorrows swell the tempest high,  
 Thou, a kind port! art always nigh;  
 For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,  
 Not soft Nepenthe<sup>1</sup> half so sure:  
 And when returning comforts rise,  
 Thou the bright Sun that gilds our skies.

<sup>1</sup> Nepenthe is an herb, which being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. PLIN. 21, 21 f. and 25, 2.



While these ideas warm'd my breast,  
My weary eye-lids stole to rest;  
When Fancy re-assum'd the theme,  
And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea  
(Thousands embark'd alike with me):  
My skiff was small, and weak beside,  
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.  
The winds along the surges sweep,  
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;  
Aloud the foaming billows roar,  
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,  
A spacious isle salutes our view.  
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,  
This new discover'd world divide.  
A river parts their proper claim,  
And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground  
Presents, with living verdure crown'd,  
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,  
And a kind sun that always smil'd.

Few storms molest the natives here;  
Cold is the only ill they fear.  
This happy clime, and grateful soil,  
With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,  
Her realms were small, her subjects few.  
A thousand charms the palace grace,  
A rock of adamant its base.  
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,  
This structure braves th' inclement sky.



E'en Time, which other piles devours,  
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,  
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,  
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;  
Ripens the beauties of the place;  
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand  
Four Amazons, a trusty band!  
Friends ever faithful to advise,  
Or to defend when dangers rise.  
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!  
There Justice lifts her golden scale!  
Two hardy chiefs! who persevere,  
With form erect, and brow severe;  
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,  
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron, 's near,  
Guardian of all the virtues here;  
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,  
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,  
And shines pre-eminently bright.  
To view her various thoughts that rise  
She holds a mirror to her eyes;  
The mirror, faithful to its charge,  
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A virtue with a softer air,  
Was handmaid to the regal Fair.  
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,  
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind:  
When actions wear a dubious face,  
Puts the best meaning on the case;



She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,  
Takes in the naked and distress'd;  
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,  
And from her queen obtains supplies.  
The maid who acts this lovely part  
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.  
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,  
And be thy constant couch my breast!

But virtues of inferior name  
Crowd round the throne with equal claim:  
In loyalty by none surpass'd,  
They hold allegiance to the last.  
Not ancient records e'er can show,  
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd  
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,  
Where poppies shone with various hue,  
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;  
And Humble<sup>\*</sup> plants, by trav'lers thought  
With slow but certain poison fraught,  
Beyond these scenes the eye descry'd  
A pow'rful realm extended wide,  
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,  
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.  
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,  
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,  
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;

\* The Humble plant bends down before the touch (as the Sensitive plant shrinks from the touch), and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.



Elated with th' imperial robe,  
She plans the conquest of the globe;  
And aided by her servile trains,  
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.  
Her darling minister is Pride,  
Who ne'er was known to change his side;  
A friend to all her int'rest just,  
And active to discharge his trust;  
Caress'd alike by high and low,  
The idol of the belle and beau :  
In every shape he shows his skill,  
And forms her subjects to her will;  
Enters their houses and their hearts,  
And gains his point before he parts.  
Sure never minister was known  
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,  
Were maids of honour to the queen :  
Who farther favours shar'd beside,  
As daughters of her statesman Pride.  
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,  
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;  
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,  
Than dutchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,  
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,  
Whose antic shapes, and various face,  
Distorted ev'ry native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,  
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade;  
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,  
With all the trinkets of a child.



The people, loyal to the queen,  
Wore their attachment in their mien :  
With cheerful heart they homage paid,  
And happiest he who most obey'd.  
While they who sought their own applause,  
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.  
The minds of all were fraught with guile,  
Their manners dissolute and vile;  
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run  
To kneel before the rising Sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,  
And all the pleasing vision flies!

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,  
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;  
Fancy presided at the helm,  
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.  
But, oh! with horror I relate  
The revolutions of her state.  
The Trojan chief could hardly more  
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains  
With longing eyes where Friendship reigns ;  
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,  
And often sigh'd to gain the same.  
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,  
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now, commencing open foe,  
She plans in thought some mighty blow;  
Draws out her forces on the green,  
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,  
And roll'd her formidable flood.



Her current strong, and deep, and clear,  
No fords were found, no ferries near:  
But as the troops approach'd the waves,  
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;  
They all retir'd with haste extreme,  
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulf explores;  
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.  
Thus often art or fraud prevails,  
When military prowess fails.

The troops an easy passage find,  
And Vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,  
And now the fight promiscuous grows;  
But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,  
And pierc'd the Empress to the heart.

The Virtues all around were seen  
To fall in heaps about the queen.

The tyrant stript the mangled fair,  
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;  
And mounting next the suff'rer's throne,  
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

' Ah! injur'd maid! aloud I cry'd:  
' Ah! injur'd maid! the rocks reply'd.'  
But judge my griefs, and share them too,  
For the sad tale pertains to you;  
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,  
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;  
When the sad scene of pride and guile  
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle!

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,  
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate,



Justice to Powis-House is fled,  
 And Yorke sustains her radiant head.  
 The virtue Fortitude appears  
 In open day at Ligonier's;  
 Illustrious Heroine of the sky,  
 Who leads to vanquish or to die!  
 'Twas she our vet'rans' breasts inspir'd,  
 When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd!  
 For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell  
 Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!  
 She rous'd the lions of the main:  
 Hence Vernon's <sup>1</sup> little fleet succeeds,  
 And hence the gen'rous Cornwall <sup>2</sup> bleeds!  
 Hence Grenville <sup>3</sup> glorious! — for she smil'd  
 On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,  
 They 'll suit plebeian breasts as well.  
 Say, that the mighty and the great  
 Blaze like meridian suns of state;  
 Effulgent excellence display,  
 Like Hallifax, in floods of day;  
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,  
 Like the mild crescent of the night.  
 Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,  
 Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown;  
 To martial souls the civic crown:

<sup>1</sup> At Porto Bello.

<sup>2</sup> Against the combin'd fleets of France and Spain.

<sup>3</sup> Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.



What then! is merit theirs alone!  
Have we no worth to call our own!  
Shall we not vindicate our part  
In the firm breast, and upright heart?  
Reader, these virtues may be thine,  
Tho' in superior light they shine.  
I can't discharge great Hardwick's trust—  
True—but my soul may still be just.  
And, tho' I can't the state defend,  
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,  
Of equal import to the mind;  
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,  
Or to reclaim us when we stray;  
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,  
When Vice and Folly throw the dart;  
Each virtue, let the world agree,  
Daily resides with you and me.  
And when our souls in friendship join,  
We'll deem the social bond divine:  
Through ev'ry scene maintain our trust,  
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.  
That breast where Honour builds his throne,  
That breast which Virtue calls her own,  
Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appals,  
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.  
No! the true friend collected stands,  
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands.  
Let int'rest plead, let storms arise,  
He dares be honest, tho' he dies.



## MARRIAGE.

Inscribed to Miss \*\*\*\*.

FAIREST, this vision is thy due ;  
 I form'd th' instructive plan for you.  
 Slight not the rules of thoughtful age ;  
 Your welfare actuates ev'ry page ;  
 But ponder well my sacred theme,  
 And tremble while you read my dream.

'Those awful words, "Till death do part !"  
 May well alarm the youthful heart :  
 No after-thought, when once a wife ;  
 The die is cast, and cast for life ;  
 Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,  
 As some base passion leads the way.  
 Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,  
 Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens ;  
 Smiles on her whining spark, and hears  
 The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears ;  
 Impatient of a parent's rule,  
 She leaves her sire, and weds a fool.  
 Want enters at the guardless door,  
 And love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,  
 Who barter youth and bloom for gold :  
 Careless with what, or whom they mate,  
 Their ruling passion 's all for state.  
 But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,  
 Abhors the mercenary mind :  
 Such rebels groan beneath his rod,  
 For Hymen 's a vindictive god ;



‘Be joyless ev’ry night,’ he said,  
‘And barren be their nuptial bed!’

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom’s voice;  
A better fate shall crown thy choice.

A married life, to speak the best,  
Is all a lottery contest:

Yet, if my fair one will be wise,  
I will insure my girl a prize,  
Tho’ not a prize to match thy worth;  
Perhaps thy equal’s not on earth.

’Tis an important point to know,  
There’s no perfection here below.

Man’s an odd compound, after all,  
And ever has been since the fall.

Say, that he loves you from his soul,  
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul.

And, tho’ a slave in Love’s soft school,  
In wedlock claims his right to rule.

The best, in short, has faults about him,  
If few those faults, you must not flout him.

With some, indeed, you can’t dispense,  
As want of temper, and of sense.

For, when the Sun deserts the skies,  
And the dull ev’ning winters rise,

Then for a husband’s social pow’r

To form the calm, conversive hour;

The treasures of thy breast explore,

From that rich mine to draw the ore;

Fondly each gen’rous thought refine,

And give thy native gold to shine;

Show thee, as really as thou art,

Tho’ fair, yet fairer still at heart.



Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,  
As soon they must, thou charming maid!  
When in thy cheeks the roses die,  
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;  
Say, when or age or pains invade,  
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;  
If thou be fetter'd to a fool,  
Shall not his transient passion cool?  
And when thy health and beauty end,  
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?  
But to a man of sense, my dear,  
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;  
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,  
And, weeping, claim the larger part;  
Tho' age impair that beauteous face,  
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet  
Friendship is only then complete.  
"Blest state! where souls each other draw,  
Where love is liberty and law!"  
The choicest blessing found below,  
That man can wish, or Heav'n bestow!  
Trust me, these raptures are divine,  
For lovely Chloe once was mine;  
Nor fear the varnish of my style,  
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.  
Ah me! my faithful lips impart  
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,  
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;  
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—  
But who burns incense to the dead?



He, whom a fond affection draws,  
Careless of censure or applause;  
Whose soul is upright and sincere,  
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme  
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,  
A stately temple rose to sight;  
And ancient as the human race,  
If nature's purposes you trace;  
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,  
To wedlock's pow'rful God was rear'd.  
Hard by I saw a graceful Sage,  
His locks were frosted o'er by age;  
His garb was plain, his mind serene,  
And wisdom dignified his mien.  
With curious search his name I sought,  
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,  
And a lewd satyr led the dance:  
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,  
For, oh! what thousands were undone!  
The Sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,  
In pity flew to join their side:  
The disconcerted pairs began  
To rail against him, to a man:  
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,  
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth  
Highly concerns impetuous youth:  
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,  
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;



At ev'ry house, and all day long,  
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;  
Disgust was there with frowning mien,  
And ev'ry wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,  
Attended by a num'rous train:  
Love with each soft and nameless grace,  
Was first in favour, and in place:  
Then came the God with solemn gait,  
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;  
His hand a flaming taper bore,  
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:  
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,  
Sustain'd the God's incumbent arm;  
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene  
With all the roses of eighteen:  
Youth led the gaily-smiling Fair,  
His purple pinions wav'd in air:  
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,  
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,  
Who threescore years had seen or more  
( 'Tis said his coat had seen a score )  
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,  
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd;  
Poets alone can paint the maid:  
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),  
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;  
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more  
Than ever painter's was before:  
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,  
Now as Mat. Prior's Emma, brown;



And, changing as the changing flow'r,  
Her dress she vary'd ev'ry hour:  
'Twas Fancy, child!—you know the Fair,  
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the God mounts his throne of state,  
And sits the arbiter of Fate:  
His head with radiant glories drest,  
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:  
Love took his station on the right,  
His quiver beam'd with golden light.  
Beauty usurp'd the second place,  
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;  
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,  
Because related to the boy—  
(Said it was hers to point his dart,  
And speed its passage to the heart)  
While on the God's inferior hand  
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,  
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.  
I saw a blooming trembling bride;  
A toothless lover join'd her side;  
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,  
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;  
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:  
A passion, much too foul to name,  
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:  
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;  
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The God with frown indignant view'd  
The rabble covetous or lewd;



By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,  
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:  
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,  
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;  
Drew up in form his heavy charge,  
Desiring to be heard at large.

The God consents, the throng divide;  
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side:  
The old declar'd for the defendant,  
For Age is Money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd  
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;  
To pair the tender and the just,  
And his the delegated trust:  
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,  
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;  
But what avails the faithless voice?  
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind,  
And talk'd at random of the mind:  
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,  
And all th' artillery of darts,  
Were long ago exploded fancies,  
And laugh'd at even in romances.  
Poets, indeed, style Love a treat,  
Perhaps for want of better meat;  
And Love might be delicious fare,  
Could we, like poets, live on air.  
But grant that angels feast on Love  
(Those purer essences above),  
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,  
Preferr'd a more substantial food.



Thus, while with gibes he dress'd his cause,  
His gray admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,  
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;  
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,  
And fond to favour Love beside,  
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,  
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:  
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,  
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,  
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.  
The God, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,  
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.  
But he who triumphs o'er his brother  
In turn is laugh'd at by another.  
Such cruel scores we often find  
Repaid the criminal in kind.  
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!  
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,  
Advanc'd into the Miser's place,  
And star'd the stripling in the face;  
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;  
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The God was studious to employ  
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;  
And therefore issu'd his decree,  
That the two parties strait agree.  
When both obey'd the God's commands,  
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,  
Believe me, Fair, surpasses thought.



If Love had many charms before,  
He now had charms, ten thousand more.  
If wealth had serpents in his breast,  
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing,  
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,  
Approach'd with round unthinking face,  
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas  
known,  
Exactly tally'd with her own;  
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,  
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;  
Desiring judgment against Wealth,  
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:  
All which she could on oath depose,  
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,  
Call'd her an interloping dame;  
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,  
And blam'd the porter at the gate  
For giving entrance to the Fair,  
When she was not essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,  
He order'd Fancy to preside,  
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,  
And each bright fair disputes the prize,  
To Fancy's court we strait apply,  
And wait the sentence of her eye;  
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,  
And her awards preclude appeals.



## LIFE.

LET not the young my precepts shun ;  
Who slight good counsels, are undone.  
Your poet sung of Love's delights,  
Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;  
To the gay fancy lovely themes ;  
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.  
But, if you please, before we part,  
I'd speak a language to your heart.  
We 'll talk of Life, tho' much, I fear,  
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.  
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,  
And hardly know the reason why :  
But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,  
Some canker shall corrode the root ;  
Some unexpected storm shall rise  
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;  
And (if experienc'd truths avail)  
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

‘ But, Poet, whence such wide extremes ?  
Well may you style your labours Dreams.  
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,  
Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.  
Is bliss a vague unmeaning name !—  
Speak then the passions' use or aim ;  
Why rage desires without controul,  
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ;  
Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,  
And laughs, and riots in the breast ;  
Think not, my weaker brain turns round,  
Think not I tread on fairy ground.



Think not your pulse alone beats true—  
Mine makes as healthful music too.  
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,  
Put forth their early buds apace.  
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,  
The bloom conceals the future fruit.  
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun  
Shall ripen what in spring begun.  
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,  
In germinating clusters grow;  
And only wait the summer's ray,  
To burst and blossom to the day.'

What said the gay unthinking boy!—  
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!  
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,  
Or what those mighty joys you prize.  
You'll find (and trust superior years)  
The vale of life a vale of tears.  
Could Wisdom teach, where joys abound,  
Or riches purchase them, when found,  
Would scepter'd Solomon complain,  
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?  
Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,  
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.  
Those maxims which the preacher drew,  
The royal sage experienc'd true.  
He knew the various ills that wait  
Our infant and meridian state;  
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,  
And diff'rent toys maturer age;  
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,  
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;



That vanity is seen, in part,  
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;  
In the child's breast the spark began,  
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.  
But, when in life we journey late,  
If follies die, do griefs abate?  
Ah! what is Life at fourscore years!—  
One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains,  
and tears!

Perhaps you 'll think I act the same,  
As a sly sharper plays his game:  
You triumph ev'ry deal that 's past,  
He 's sure to triumph at the last;  
Who often wins some thousands more  
Than twice the sum you won before.  
But I 'm a loser with the rest,  
For Life is all a deal at best;  
Where not the prize of wealth or fame  
Repays the trouble of the game  
(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,  
An hour before that winner dy'd);  
Not that with me these prizes shine,  
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.  
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,  
With scarce an honour in my hand,  
And, since my trumps are very few,  
What have I more to boast than you!  
Nor am I gainer by your fall!  
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)  
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.  
Why should the preacher take your pence,  
And smother truth to flatter sense!



I'm sure, physicians have no merit,  
Who kill through lenity of spirit.  
That Life's a game, divines confess,  
This says at cards, and that at chess:  
But if our views be center'd here,  
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,  
And hostile vessels crowd the main,  
If they discover from afar  
A bark, as distant as a star,  
Hold the perspective to their eyes,  
To learn its colours, strength, and size;  
And when this secret once they know,  
Make ready to receive the foe.  
Let you and me from sailors learn  
Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,  
With reading till the time of bed,  
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,  
Again display'd her magic pow'r  
(For know that Fancy, like a spright,  
Prefers the silent scenes of night):  
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,  
No matter where the thicket stood;  
The Genius of the place was nigh,  
And held two pictures to my eye.

The curious painter had portray'd  
Life in each just and genuine shade.  
They, who have only known its dawn,  
May think these lines too deeply drawn;  
But riper years, I fear, will shew,  
The wiser artist paints too true.



One piece presents a rueful wild,  
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:  
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,  
And Grief sits weeping by the side;  
Her tears with constant tenor flow,  
And form a mournful lake below,  
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,  
Through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,  
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.  
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;  
There Folly personates the ape;  
Here Av'rice gripes with harpies' claws;  
There Malice grins with tyger's jaws;  
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,  
Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,  
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;  
And when she gulls us of our wealth,  
Or that superior pearl, our health,  
Restores us nought but pains and woe,  
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd Angel stands  
With Desolation in his hands!  
He sends the all-devouring flame,  
And cities hardly boast a name!  
Or wings the pestilential blast,  
And, lo! then thousands breathe their last!  
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,  
And guilty nations are no more!  
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,  
And sweeps whole armies to their graves!



Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,  
And Hunger howls through all the land!

Oh! what a wretch is man, I cry'd,  
Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!  
And, sure as born, to be undone  
By evils which he cannot shun!  
Besides a thousand baits to sin,  
A thousand traitors lodg'd within!  
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,  
The rebels take the demon's part.

I sigh—my aching bosom bleeds;  
When strait the milder plan succeeds.  
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,  
The same as in the piece before.  
But gleams of light are here display'd,  
To cheer the eye and gild the shade.  
Affliction speaks a softer style,  
And Disappointment wears a smile.  
A group of Virtues blossom near,  
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,  
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;  
Hope acts the kind physician's part,  
And warms the solitary heart;  
Religion nobler comfort brings,  
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;  
Points out the balance on the whole,  
And Heav'n rewards the struggling Soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,  
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

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## THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance;  
Tho' singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam;  
The world hath nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left  
That safe retreat, the ark;  
Giving her vain excursions o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,  
We, who improve his golden hours,



By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
A Paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;  
If tutor'd right they 'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise :  
We 'll form their minds with studious care  
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs ;  
They 'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,  
And they our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they 're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot :  
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,  
But then, how little do we need !

For Nature's calls are few :  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,



Nor aim beyond our pow'r;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are deny'd,  
And pleas'd with favours given;  
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part :  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;  
But, when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we 'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;  
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we 'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble, or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

---



## ON JOHN EGERTON,

DUKE OF BRIDGWATER,

Who died in the twenty-first year of his age, 1747-8.

**I**N T E N T to hear, and bounteous to bestow,  
 A mind that melted at another's woe;  
 Studious to act the self-approving part,  
 That midnight music of the honest heart!  
 Those silent joys th' illustrious youth possess'd,  
 Those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast!  
 From pride of peerage, and from folly free,  
 Life's early morn, fair Virtue! gave to thee;  
 Forbade the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,  
 Bade anxious poverty forget to sigh;  
 Like Titus, knew the value of a day,  
 And want went smiling from his gates away.

The rest were honours borrow'd from the throne—  
 These honours, Egerton, were all thy own!

---

 A SONNET.

**H** E R E droops the Muse! while from her glowing  
 mind  
 Celestial Sympathy, with humid eye,  
 Bids the light Sylph, capricious Fancy, fly,  
 Time's restless wings with transient flow'rs to bind.  
 For now, with folded arms and head inclin'd,  
 Reflection pours the deep and frequent sigh  
 O'er the dark scroll of human destiny,  
 Where gaudy buds and wounding thorns are twin'd!



O sky-born Virtue! sacred is thy name!  
And tho' mysterious Fate, with frown severe,  
Oft decorates thy brows with wreaths of fame,  
Bespangled o'er with Sorrow's chilling tear,  
Yet shalt thou more than mortal raptures claim,  
The brightest planet of th' *Eternal Sphere*!

Mrs. ROBINSON.



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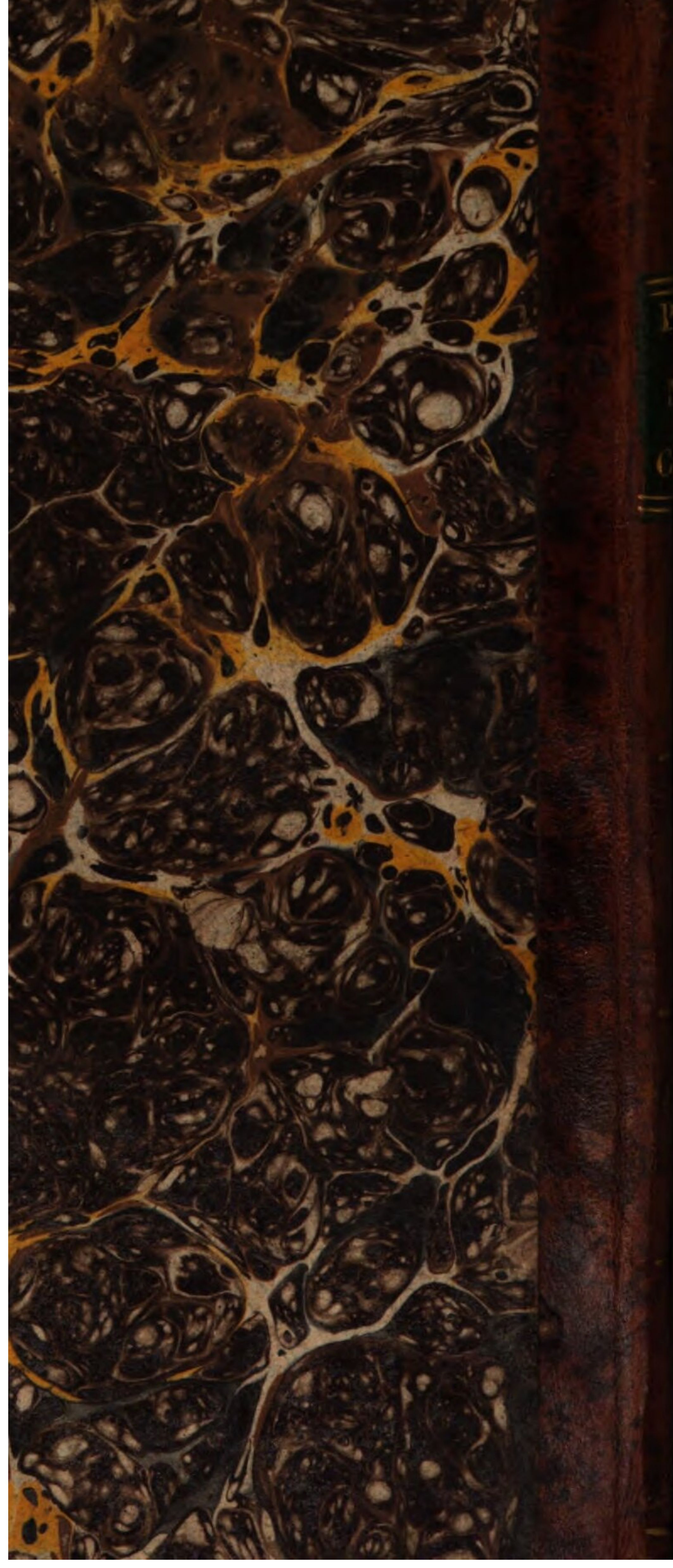














Cotton, Nathaniel

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